

Wednesday, October 18, 1944

My Own Darling;

I am rather warm and rather sore and tired from sitting on this deck day after day for all these weeks. Soon, I hope all this will be over for better or for worse. We must be about ready to call it a day and find some land to set foot upon and a nice cot to lay my weary head upon. I don't know just what our destination will be like but I hope it isn't too bad, or if it is, that we are given some time and the encouragement to fix it so it's habitable. Imagine me wanting an opportunity to work. I think that if I do work the time until I am once more in a position to bask in the radiant light of your smile will be shortened considerably. You do have a very nice smile you know. Everyone who sees your picture comments on it so you can see that it isn't any prejudice I may have formed. I love you.

This morning I was talking to a fellow when I noticed that on his dog tags his residence was given as East Lansing, Mich. Of course I was quite amazed and discovered that he not only knew you but had also gone to school with you. His name is Bob Miller. He lives on the road to Lansing. Kilby and I kid him about child marriages because he's only 19 and is married. He seems to be a pretty nice fellow. Small world isn't it?

For having a heck of a time with stamps. I bought books of stamps before leaving the States and now I find that the stamps have stuck to the

waxed paper. From now on I buy them only as I mail the letters.

There's one thing that has always puzzled me. The less I have to do the less time I find to do anything in. What I mean is that when I don't have anything - any duty that is - to do, I just sit like a bump on a log, too lazy to do anything and conversely, when I am hard at work - very infrequently I will admit - I usually accomplish a lot in whatever spare time I have. The energy I use in working seems to stick with me and carry on beyond the work period. Just a passing thought. I imagine it's the same with almost everyone though.

One song has become a great favorite on this trip. That song is "Walter" as sung by Gracie Fields. The lyrics go to the effect of "Walter, Walter! Lead me to the altar, and I'll show you where I'm tattooed." It is quite funny as screamed by Gracie. Last night they started to play one song but cut it off. It was a very suggestive ditty and was supposed to be the story of a girl trying to auction off a chair which she "wouldn't give away, if he wouldn't ~~buy~~ buy it she'd sit on it, but she absolutely wouldn't give it away." Along the pattern of "She had to go and lose it at the Astor." I'm sure the Chaplain had a hand in turning it off.

I'll close now Sweetheart but will be back again tomorrow to write more. Until then remember that I love you with all my heart and miss you more than I ever thought humanly possible. Until I'm with you again I'll think of you — Always.

3. Thursday, October 19, 1944

Good Afternoon My Sweetheart;

It is quite warm. Much warmer in fact than I would like to have it. There's nothing to be done about it though which is one of the reasons why I dislike warmth in excessive quantities. The noon meal of chili and hot chocolate didn't help much. They should serve us salads or something cool.

Are you sharpening up your cooking these days Darling? You'd better because you won't have any time when I get back. You'll be married so fast you won't have time to do any practicing before the wedding. You realize that don't you? I am not going to waste a minute. In fact I've been toying with the idea of you meeting me at the port when I return so we could be married and ride back across the country together. Every day I love you more Darling. You're my very dearest possession, or rather, the memory of you is my dearest possession. It's very nice to just think of things we used to do together, things which we will do again - and soon I hope. Picnics, bowling, eating out, dances & everything we did together. You're very beautiful Sweet. And very superb in every respect. I love you.

You know Darling, I should have listened to you and taken that Christmas present with me. You were right and I was wrong. I would have had a hard time packing it but at least I would've had it with me. This way I don't know when it will

catch up with me. I hope I do get it on time though because I'm anxious to see what it is. You wouldn't give me even a hint when I was home. I think you're quite mean.

I hope I'm paid soon so I can send you the money for the Christmas presents I want to have you buy. I think I'd like to buy Dad a pipe - a good one for about \$10, and for Mom I don't know just what to get but would you look around and see what you could get her for about \$10. I don't have any ideas whatsoever but maybe you can think of something. You can probably get something for ~~the~~ Pauline very easily. Again I don't know just what but you can buy her something she'd like - pajamas, a make-up kit or some such thing. I don't know just what she'd like. I guess I'm making it difficult for you aren't I Darling? It's hard for me to think just what to get for everyone. You can get Beverly Ann a rag doll or teddy bear and for Morris you can get a book or two appropriate for a boy in the second grade - something fairly simple but interesting with colored pictures and large type. Not too elementary though because he's quite a smart fellow. A family that you understand. I'm not the only one, everyone in the family is quite intelligent. Lucky girl that you are to have me for a boy friend. I think that I'm even luckier though so I am much more than satisfied. I have a wife who is not only beautiful but who loves me as much as

I love her and who has every desirable quality I could look for in a wife.

As I have said off and on in my other letters, I am heartily tired of this boat trip. I'll be spending the duration on ship board. The end of our voyage is still not in sight either. If only you were with me to comfort me. If only you were with me (period).

I will close now Sweetheart reminding you that the only one I love and always will love is you

Always
Freddie